

To Jim Ward from Phil Baker

COMIC
BOOK
SECTION

RECORD

PHILADELPHIA

3 COMPLETE
STORIES

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1940

The

YES, EBONY, ALL I FOUND ON THE DOCK WAS HIS CLOTHES AND THE GUN HE SHOT HIMSELF WITH... THE BUBBLES IN THE WATER WERE THE ONLY SIGN OF ORANG, THE APE WHO COULD THINK LIKE A HUMAN!

THE MASTER CRIME FIGHTER KNOWN TO THE WORLD AS **THE SPIRIT**, IS REALLY DENNY COLT, LONG BELIEVED DEAD... ONLY COMMISSIONER DOLAN KNOWS WHO HE IS.



DAT SHO' WAS AN EXCITIN' CASE, MISTUH SPIRIT! GOLLY, DOES YO' THINK HE IS REALLY DEAD?

SPIRIT

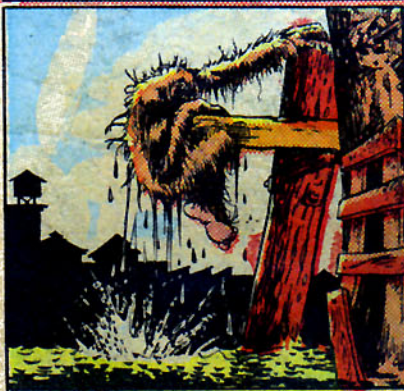
BY
WILL
EISNER

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THE RETURN OF
ORANG
THE APE THAT
IS HUMAN!

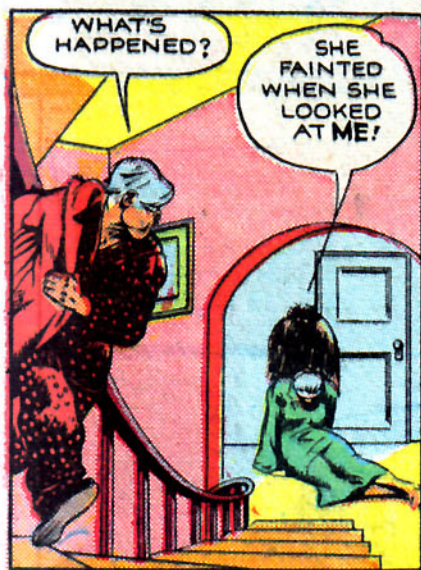
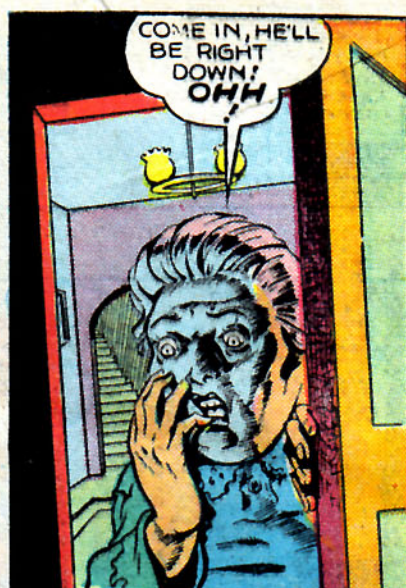


OUT OF THE MURKY OIL-SPOTTED WATERS OF THE EAST RIVER RISES A GRIM FORM... SLOWLY, PAINFULLY, HE PULLS HIS HAIRY BODY ONTO A PIER...





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IN A FEW MINUTES THE POLICE ARRIVE.

GOT HERE AS SOON AS I COULD.. WHAT'S THIS ABOUT A TALKING APE?

SHH.. HE'S COMING OUT OF THE ETHER.



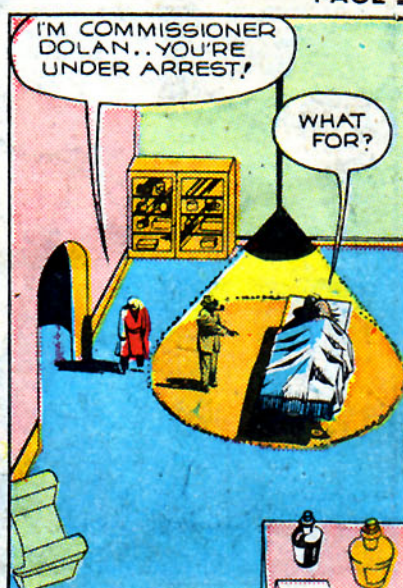
OOOH.. MY HEAD ACHES.. WHO IS THIS MAN?

I'LL BE..



I'M COMMISSIONER DOLAN.. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

WHAT FOR?



WELL.. ER.. THAT IS.. WELL YOU CAN'T GO AROUND ACTIN'... THAT IS, TALKIN'.. BESIDES, I'M POLICE COMMISSIONER AND CAN ARREST ANYONE I DARN PLEASE!



NO YOU CAN'T! I'VE HARMED NO ONE. JUST BECAUSE I'M AN APE AND CAN TALK?? THERE ARE MANY MEN ON THE FORCE WHO LOOK LIKE ME!



OH! FRESH, EH? HEY! WHERE YA GOIN'?

I DON'T KNOW.. NOR DO I CARE!

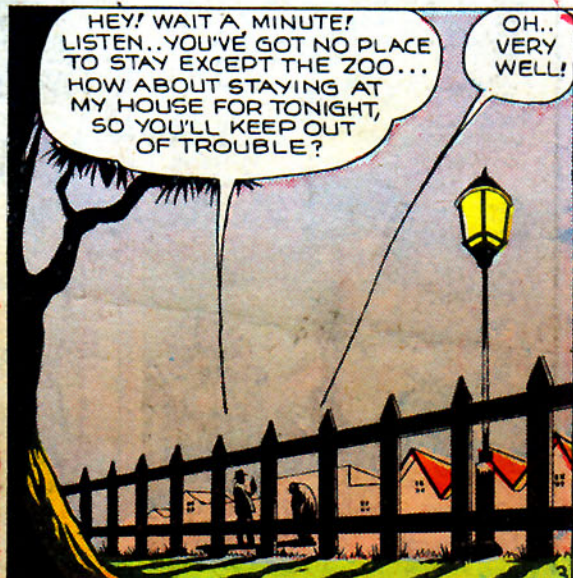


I'VE AN IDEA.. SEE YOU AT HEADQUARTERS LATER!

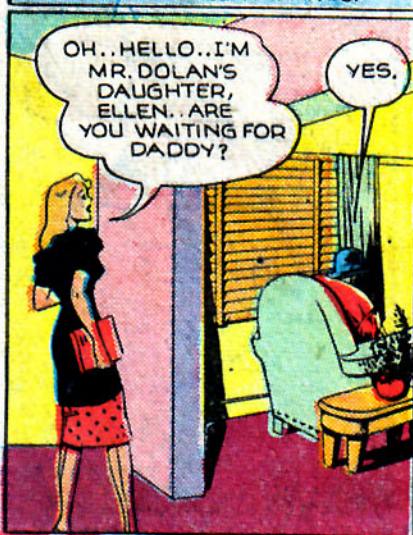


HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! LISTEN.. YOU'VE GOT NO PLACE TO STAY EXCEPT THE ZOO... HOW ABOUT STAYING AT MY HOUSE FOR TONIGHT, SO YOU'LL KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE?

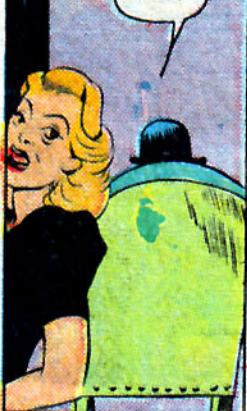
OH.. VERY WELL!



THUS, AT DOLAN'S HOME THAT NIGHT... ELLEN ARRIVES.



WHY? HE WENT TO HEAD-QUARTERS TO SEE IF HE CAN FIND A LAW ON WHICH TO ARREST ME!



...YOU SEE, I HAPPEN TO BE UNLUCKY ENOUGH TO HAVE BEEN THE EXPERIMENT OF A FIENDISH SCIENTIST!

AN APE!

EEK!



THE GIRL'S SHRIEK AWAKENS THE SAVAGE IN HIS MIND...HE LIFTS THE UNCONSCIOUS FORM IN HIS ARMS.



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, IN THE SPIRIT'S LABORATORY BENEATH WILDWOOD CEMETERY.



NEWS FLASH! DAUGHTER OF POLICE COMMISSIONER DOLAN REPORTED MISSING!

CLICK

COMMISSIONER DOLAN IS COMIN', MIST' SPIRIT!



A MOMENT LATER, DOLAN BURSTS INTO THE SPIRIT'S HOME.



...IT'S THE TALKING APE! HE SEEMED SO HUMAN THAT I LEFT HIM IN MY HOME FOR AWHILE... WHEN I RETURNED, HE WAS GONE...AND CARRIED OFF ELLEN WITH HIM!

IS DAT DE SAME APE YO' WAS TELLIN' ME ABOUT BOSS?



YOU MUST HELP ME! I'M TIED UP BY REGULATIONS, BUT YOU...AS THE **SPIRIT** CAN FOLLOW 'EM ALL OVER THE EARTH IF NECESSARY!

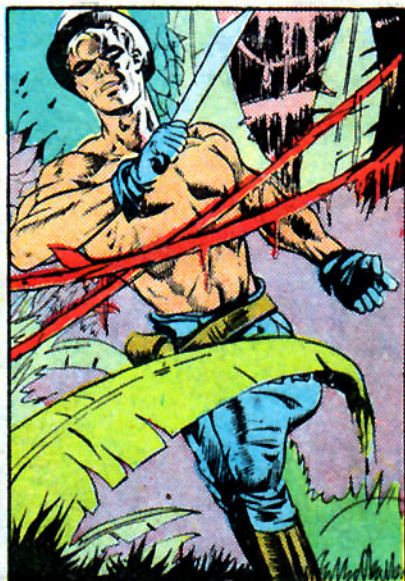


GET ME PASSAGE TO SUMATRA... HIS TYPE OF APE IS FOUND ONLY IN THAT REGION. EBONY, FILL MY AUTOPLANE WITH EXTRA GASOLINE!



LEAVING HIS PLANE IN A LITTLE OUTPOST TOWN, THE **SPIRIT** SETS OUT ALONE INTO THE STEAMING JUNGLES.

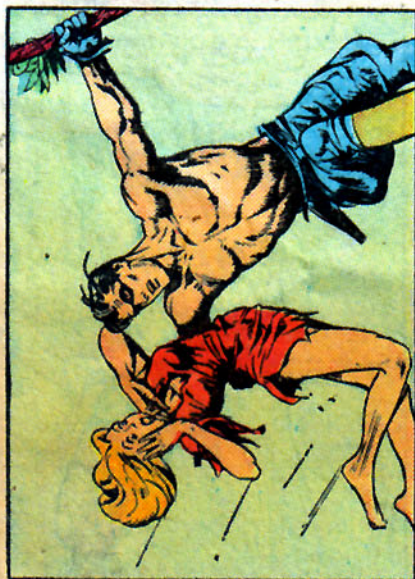
ACROSS THE PACIFIC TO SUMATRA THE **SPIRIT** FOLLOWS THEIR TRAIL.



AT LAST, ON THE DUSK OF THE FIFTH DAY, HE SEES A GIRL RUNNING ACROSS THE HORIZON

ELLEN!

WAIT, ELLEN!

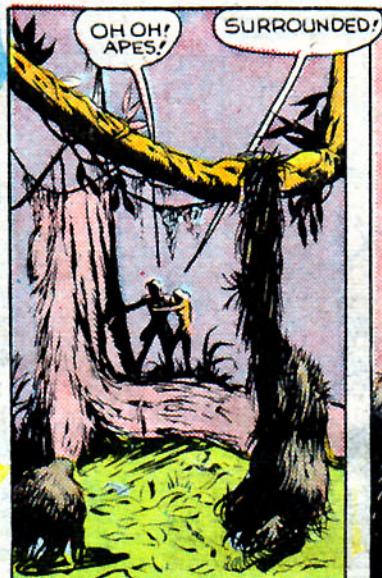
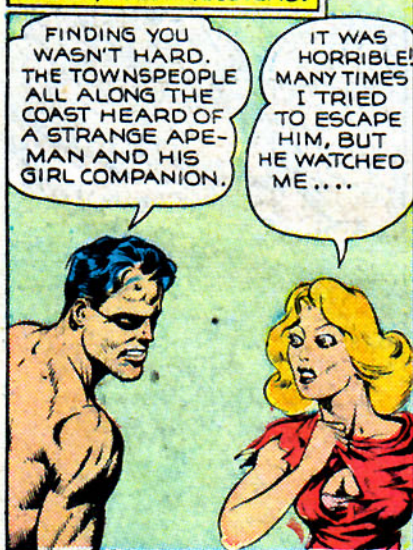


SPIRIT!
AM I
SEEING
THINGS?
OH...

FAINTED..GUESS
I WAS THE LAST
ONE SHE EXPECTED
TO SEE OUT
HERE..POOR
KID.



AT LAST, ELLEN RECOVERS.



AND AS A TROPICAL MOON THROWS ITS WEIRD GLOW ON A CLEARING, THE APES GATHER FOR THE CHANT OF DEATH FOR THE HUMANS.



IN THE CIRCLE OF OLDER APES, JEALOUS AAKA, DEPOSED BY ORANG, AROUSES HIS TRIBE. "LISTEN TO ORANG, OUR BROTHER, HE SHRIEKS, HE IS NOT LIKE US!"...



.. "HE SPEAKS LIKE WEAK HUMANS. YET HE WOULD LEAD US. I CHALLENGE HIM BY THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE."... KEYED TO A WILD FRENZY, THE APES LEAP ON ORANG. . . .



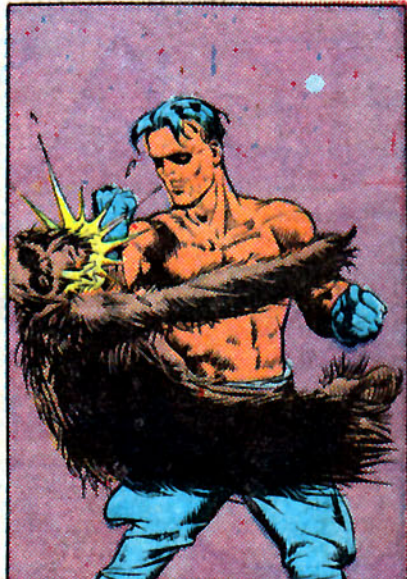
STRAINING EVERY MUSCLE, THE SPIRIT SNAPS HIS BONDS.

I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A SECOND, ELLEN!



THIS WAY!

BACK IN THE CLEARING, THE STRUGGLE HAS NARROWED DOWN TO ORANG AND AAKA. THE REST OF THE TRIBE FOLLOW THE FLEEING COUPLE.



UP THE MOUNTAIN, QUICK! ONCE THERE, WE'LL BE SAFE!



AT THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN THEY TURN, IN TIME TO SEE THE DEATH OF THE SAD ORANG AT THE HANDS OF AAKA, HIS RIVAL.



WEEKS LATER, ON A SMALL LINER ENTERING NEW YORK HARBOR....

PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS, MR. SPIRIT.



...ER.. THINKING OF POOR ORANG.

IS THAT ALL? DOESN'T MOONLIGHT MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?

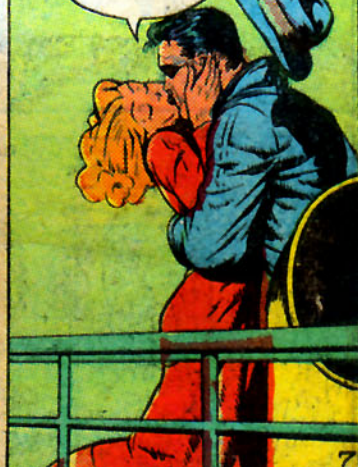


NO... OF COURSE NOT.

ARE YOU SURE?



WELL, COME TO THINK OF IT... NO!



LADY LUCK

By
Ford Davis



BRENDA BANKS, ADVENTURE-SEEKING DEBUTANTE AND GLOBE CIRCLER, WHO'D RATHER TRACK DOWN DESPERATE CRIMINALS THAN BE SEEN AT SOCIETY'S INTERNATIONAL RESORTS.

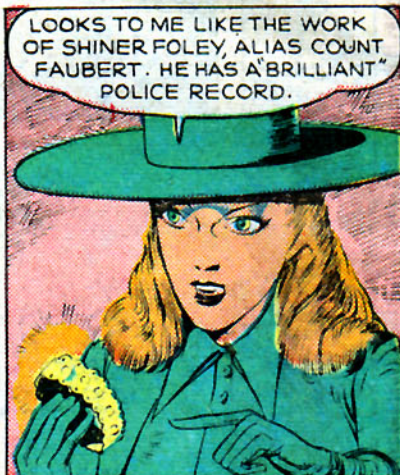


IT'S THE MOST DARING THEFT I EVER HEARD OF...IMAGINE!

A HUNDRED DIAMONDS FROM THE WHITE HOPE BRACELET! POOR MRS. DE SALLE!



A CLEVER THIEF! HE LEFT ONLY THE PLATINUM FRAME. ONE HUNDRED PERFECT STONES PICKED CLEAN...WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?



LOOKS TO ME LIKE THE WORK OF SHINER FOLEY, ALIAS COUNT FAUBERT. HE HAS A 'BRILLIANT' POLICE RECORD.



THAT'S HIM!

LADY LUCK NEVER RELAXES HER VIGIL IN HER SEARCH FOR SHINER FOLEY... AT LAST...

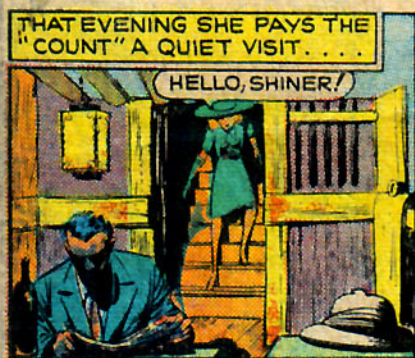


TO THE AIRPORT, ABOVE THE CLOUDS... ACROSS THE BLUE PACIFIC, SHE TRAILS THE SUAVE THIEF...

ALL THE WAY TO SINGAPORE



SHE FOLLOWS HIM ABOARD A SMALL BOAT HEADED UP RIVER...



THAT EVENING SHE PAYS THE "COUNT" A QUIET VISIT...

HELLO, SHINER!



YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME, SISTER... SO GET OUT!

NOT TILL I FIND ONE HUNDRED LITTLE SPARKLING GEMS!

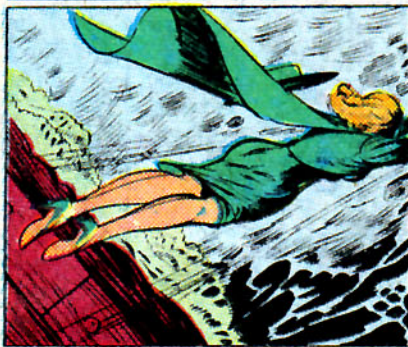


SHE'S WISE TO ME... BUT THERE'S STILL ROOM FOR TWO OF US IN SIAM!

SO, HE WANTS TO PLAY FOLLOW THE LEADER? WELL, I'M GETTING USED TO THESE ORIENTAL BATHS!



INTO THE SWIRLING, MUDDY WATER DIVES LADY LUCK IN SWIFT PURSUIT OF THE JEWEL THIEF



UGH! LOST HIM! WELL, HE CAN'T GO FAR IN THAT JUNGLE . . . HE'LL LOOK FOR A VILLAGE.



LADY LUCK COMES ON A SMALL SIAMESE RIVER TOWN

IF HE'S BEEN THROUGH HERE, SOME ONE WILL HAVE NOTICED HIM.



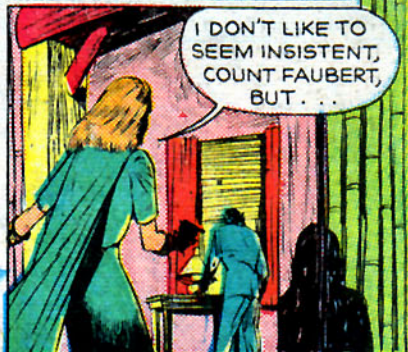
YES, WHITE MAN BUY OLA'S HOUSE FOR THE NIGHT.

THANKS A LOT.



THE LADY'S SECOND VISIT TO FOLEY IS UNDER ARMS

I DON'T LIKE TO SEEM INSISTENT, COUNT FAUBERT, BUT . . .

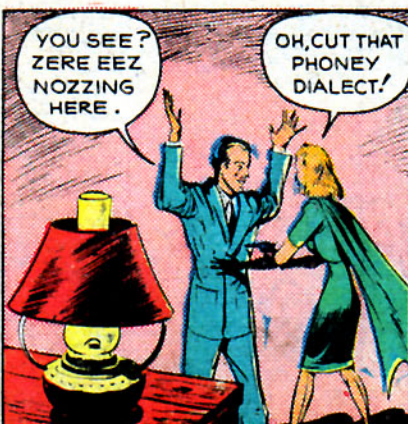


OOH, ZAT EEZ QUITE ALL RIGHT, MY PRETTY LADY. . . WON'T YOU COME IN AND LOOK AROUND?



YOU SEE? ZERE EEZ NOZZING HERE.

OH, CUT THAT PHONEY DIALECT!



COME VISIT ME AGAIN, SWEETHEART! ANYTIME!

I SEARCHED EVERYWHERE . . . WHAT DID HE DO WITH THE STONES?



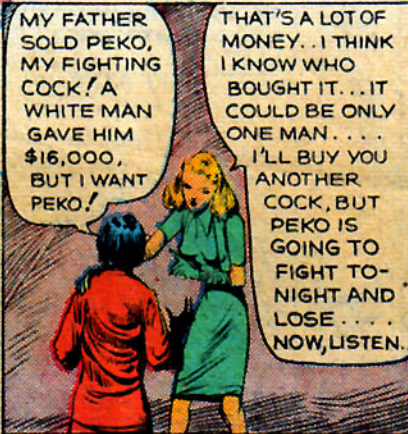
SUDDENLY THE LADY'S WORRIED THOUGHTS ARE INTERRUPTED BY A TEARFUL TALE OF WOE

WHAT'S ALL THIS?



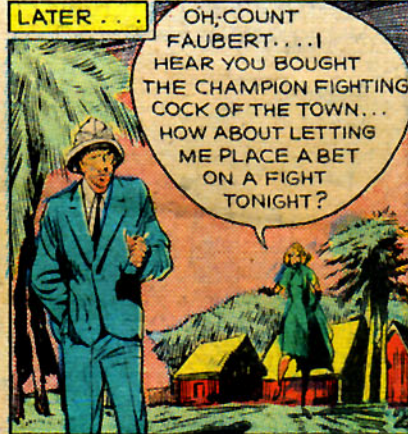
MY FATHER SOLD PEKO, MY FIGHTING COCK! A WHITE MAN GAVE HIM \$16,000, BUT I WANT PEKO!

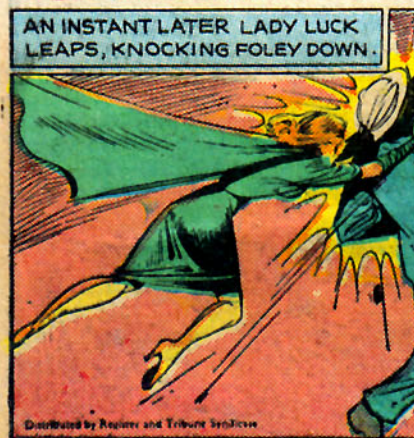
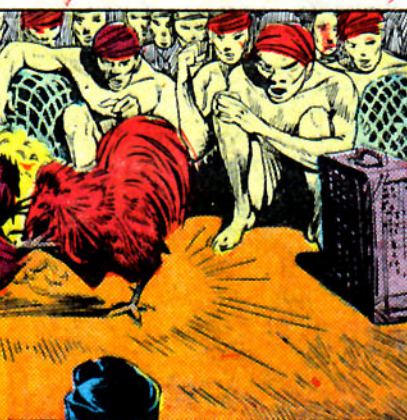
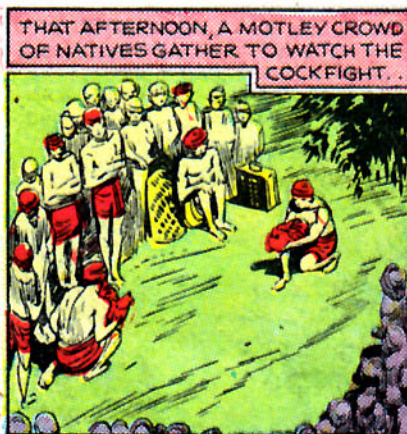
THAT'S A LOT OF MONEY. . . I THINK I KNOW WHO BOUGHT IT. . . IT COULD BE ONLY ONE MAN. . . I'LL BUY YOU ANOTHER COCK, BUT PEKO IS GOING TO FIGHT TONIGHT AND LOSE. . . NOW, LISTEN.



LATER . . .

OH, COUNT FAUBERT. . . I HEAR YOU BOUGHT THE CHAMPION FIGHTING COCK OF THE TOWN. . . HOW ABOUT LETTING ME PLACE A BET ON A FIGHT TONIGHT?



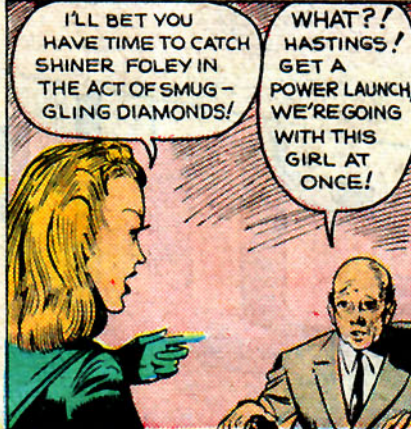


AT HARBOR POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



BUT YOU MUST COME... IT'S IMPORTANT.

BOSH... I'VE NO TIME FOR COCK FIGHTS... RUN ALONG, GIRL!



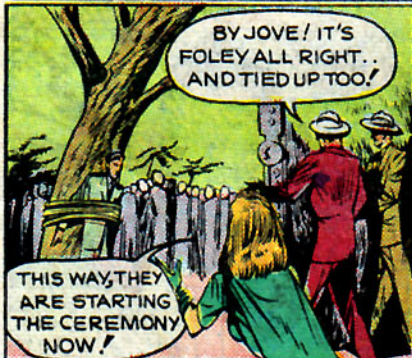
I'LL BET YOU HAVE TIME TO CATCH SHINER FOLEY IN THE ACT OF SMUGGLING DIAMONDS!

WHAT?! HASTINGS! GET A POWER LAUNCH, WE'RE GOING WITH THIS GIRL AT ONCE!



HURRY! IF WE DON'T ARRIVE IN TIME WE'LL NEVER CONVICT HIM!

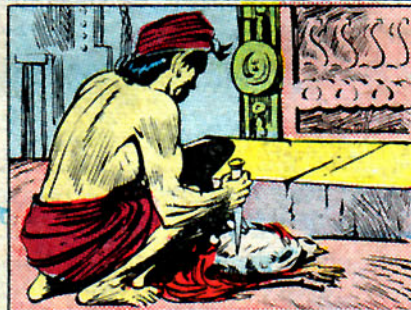
ON THE ISLAND, LADY LUCK LEADS THE POLICE TO THE CEREMONIAL PIT.



BY JOVE! IT'S FOLEY ALL RIGHT... AND TIED UP TOO!

THIS WAY, THEY ARE STARTING THE CEREMONY NOW!

AMID THE THROB OF DRUMS AND THE WEIRD CHANT OF PIOUS NATIVES, THE TRIBE LEADER CUTS OPEN THE DEAD FOWL...



SUDDENLY THE NATIVE STAGGERS.

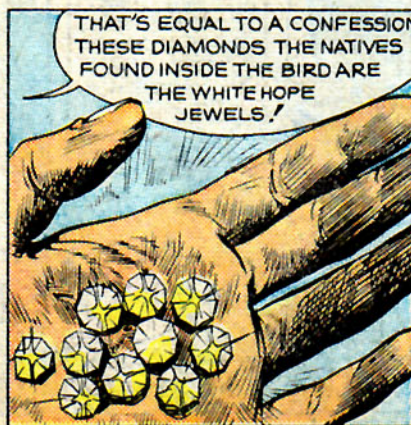


LOOK! BY THE GODS OF WOE! WHAT ARE THESE INSIDE THE BIRD?

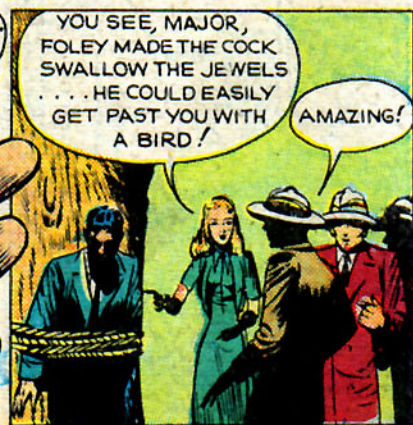


YOU CAN'T CUT UP MY BIRD... YOU HEATHEN!

SO IT'S YOUR BIRD, EH, FOLEY?

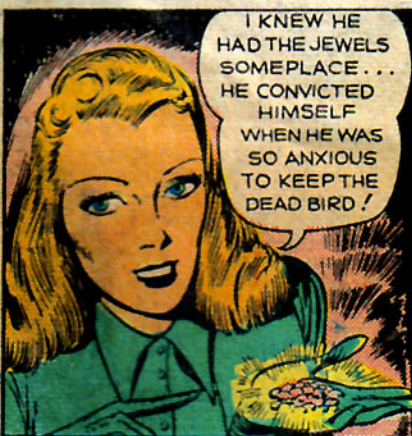


THAT'S EQUAL TO A CONFESSION. THESE DIAMONDS THE NATIVES FOUND INSIDE THE BIRD ARE THE WHITE HOPE JEWELS!

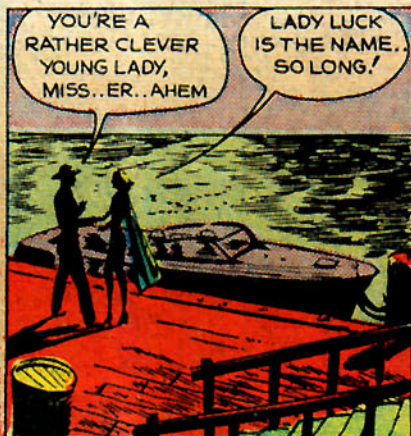


YOU SEE, MAJOR, FOLEY MADE THE COCK SWALLOW THE JEWELS... HE COULD EASILY GET PAST YOU WITH A BIRD!

AMAZING!



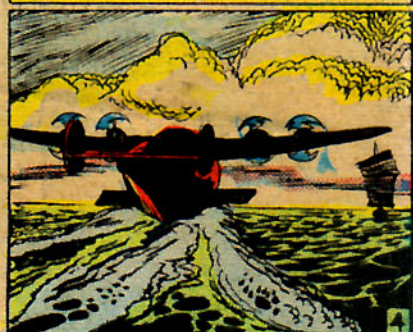
I KNEW HE HAD THE JEWELS SOMEPLACE... HE CONVICTED HIMSELF WHEN HE WAS SO ANXIOUS TO KEEP THE DEAD BIRD!



YOU'RE A RATHER CLEVER YOUNG LADY, MISS... ER... AHM

LADY LUCK IS THE NAME... SO LONG!

AND AS THE CLIPPER ZOOMS SKYWARD, LADY LUCK GAZES AT THE HORIZON, WONDERING WHAT HER NEXT ADVENTURE WILL BE...



MR. MYSTIC

by
W. MORGAN THOMAS

ENDOWED WITH SUPER OCCULT POWERS BY A MYSTERIOUS COUNCIL OF LAMAS, MR. MYSTIC, AN AMERICAN, PLEDGES HIS LIFE TO FIGHT CRIME.

IT'S PRETTY LATE... I WONDER WHO IT IS?

ENGAGING A HOTEL ROOM IN LOS ANGELES, MR. MYSTIC RESTS AFTER HIS LAST ADVENTURE..

SOMEONE KNOCKS ON HIS DOOR.

SORRY TO BREAK IN ON YOU SO LATE, MR. MYSTIC, BUT I'VE JUST LEARNED YOU WERE IN TOWN. I'M COLONEL WATERS.

COME IN, SIR.

WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, COLONEL?

I KNOW YOU'RE AN AMERICAN FIRST, LAST, AND ALWAYS, SO I WON'T GO INTO A PREAMBLE OF YOUR DUTY TO YOUR COUNTRY!

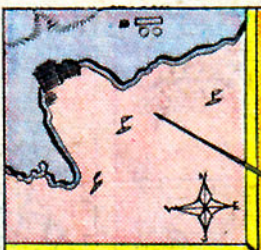
WE'RE SPENDING MILLIONS FOR THE DEFENSE OF THE PHILIPPINES. CERTAIN FOREIGN POWERS WOULD BE ONLY TOO GLAD TO SEE THESE DESTROYED.. I WANT YOU TO KEEP AN EYE ON THEM!

IN OTHER WORDS, YOU WANT ME TO BE A COMBINATION SPY AND WATCH-DOG? I AM AT YOUR SERVICE, SIR! I NEVER DID LIKE SABOTEURS..

MEANWHILE, IN A SMALL SHACK IN THE PHILIPPINE JUNGLES, KWI SUMA IMPORTER, RECEIVES TWO GUESTS.

WE KNOW ALL ABOUT THIS "IMPORTING" BUSINESS OF YOURS, SUMA, SO LET'S GET DOWN TO BRASS TACKS! WE WANT THESE NEW FORTIFICATIONS DESTROYED!

WELL, NOW ISN'T THAT A COINCIDENCE? I HAVE JUST COMPLETED PLANS FOR THEIR DESTRUCTION AND WAS WAITING FOR A SPONSOR!



GOOD! WE ARE WILLING TO PAY YOUR PRICE... IF YOU SUCCEED!

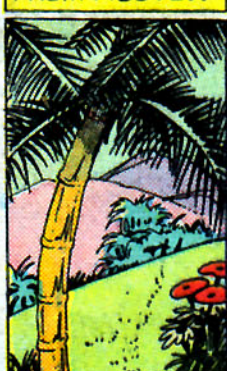
MY SUBMARINE CAN SLIP THROUGH THE GUARD AND TORPEDO THE DOCKS... MY PLANES WILL BOMB THE OIL TANKS FIVE MINUTES LATER.



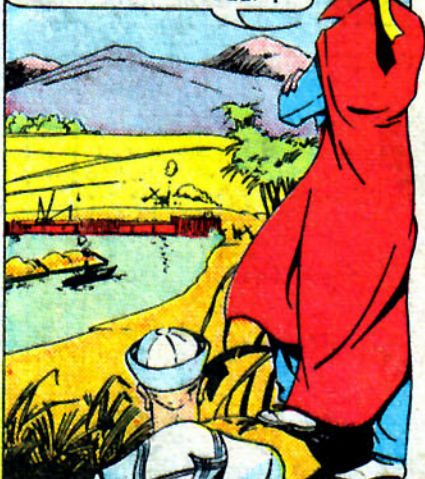
BUT ABOVE ALL, REMEMBER THAT THE NAME OF OUR GOVERNMENT IS TO BE KEPT A SECRET... AFTER ALL, WE ARE SUPPOSED TO BE FRIENDLY WITH THE UNITED STATES!



A FEW DAYS LATER, MR. MYSTIC ARRIVES AND IS SHOWN ABOUT THE FORTIFICATIONS WITH A GUIDE. HE GOES TO SEE THE CONSTRUCTION FROM ABOVE...



THOSE WILL BE SPLENDID DOCKS WHEN COMPLETED. HOW ABOUT TAKING ME INTO THE BAY ITSELF?



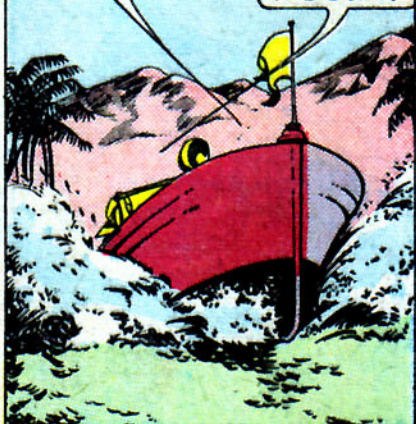
TEN MINUTES LATER

STEP IN, SIR, AND I'LL TAKE YOU AROUND!



THE HARBOR WILL BE IMPREGNABLE WHEN IT'S FINISHED. THAT'S WHY WE'RE SO CAREFUL!

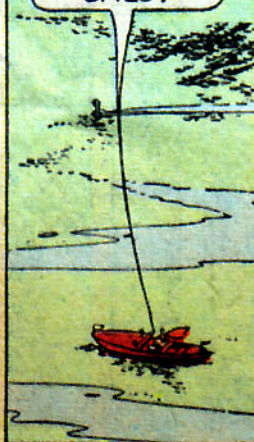
WAIT A MINUTE! STOP THE BOAT!



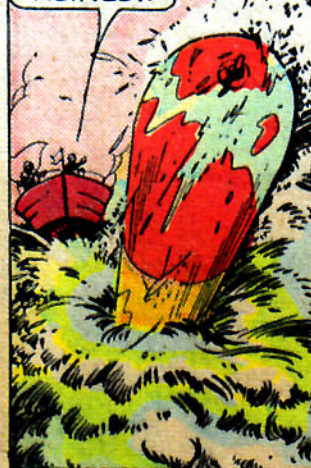
THAT LOOKS LIKE... BY GOSH, IT IS! THAT'S A SUBMARINE PERISCOPE!



IT ISN'T AN AMERICAN TYPE EITHER, SIR!! GEE!! DO YOU THINK IT COULD BE SPIES?

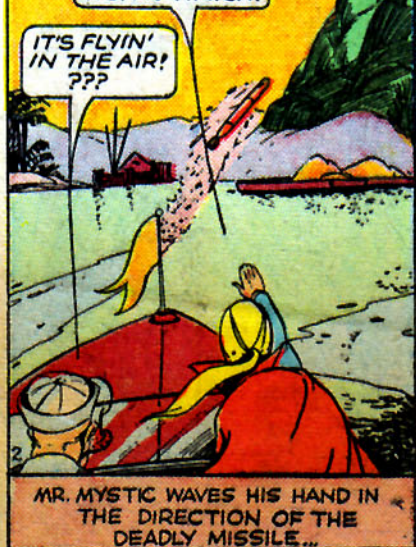


HOLY SMOKE! LOOK, SIR, A TORPEDO... HEADIN' STRAIGHT FOR THE DOCKS! THEY'LL BE RUINED!!



OH, NO THEY WON'T! WATCH!

IT'S FLYIN' IN THE AIR! ???

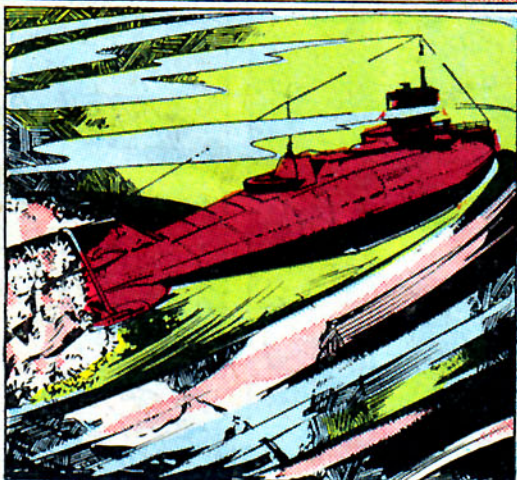


MR. MYSTIC WAVES HIS HAND IN THE DIRECTION OF THE DEADLY MISSILE...

JUST A TRICK I LEARNED LONG AGO. COMES IN MIGHTY HANDY! NOW TO KEEP THE SUBMARINE FROM RUNNING AWAY.



IN THE BOAT, THE CAPTAIN'S EYES BULGE, AS HE SEES HIS TORPEDO SOAR AWAY. FINDING HIS VOICE, HE BELLOWS "TURN ABOUT!!"



AT FULL SPEED AHEAD, HE ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE. . . . A SECOND LATER A CAKE OF ICE JARs THE CRAFT, THEN ANOTHER AND ANOTHER.



FINALLY THE BOAT COMES TO A STOP, COMPLETELY ENCASED IN ICE.

WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE? GET MOVIN'!

I-I CAN'T! WE'RE STUCK!



WELL, I'LL BE...! ICE! ICE IN THE PHILIPPINES IN JULY? HMM..

I'LL TEACH YOU THE SECRET SOME DAY!



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COME ON! LET'S GET THE MILITIA!

H-HEY-NOT SO FAST! IT'S S-S-S-SLIPPERY!



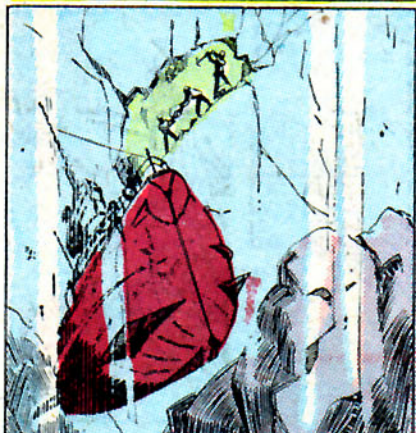
IN THE SUBMARINE...

BBRR! WE GOTTA GET OUTA HERE FAST!

LET'S START DIGGIN' OUR WAY OUT!



ARMED WITH PICKS AND AXES, THE CREW MANAGES TO OPEN ONE OF THE HATCHES AND STARTS THE TEDIOUS JOB OF CUTTING ITSELF OUT OF THE FROZEN TROPICAL SEA.



GLEEFULLY THEY FINALLY BREAK THROUGH THE LAST LAYER, TO FIND A "WELCOMING COMMITTEE" WAITING FOR THEM.



SPEAK UP! WHAT ELSE WERE YOU GOING TO DO? WHO'S YOUR CHIEF?

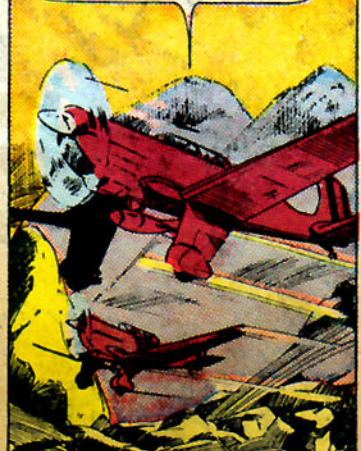
T-THE OIL TANKS ARE GONNA BE BLOWN UP IN FIVE MINUTES! KWI SUMA'S THE CHIEF!



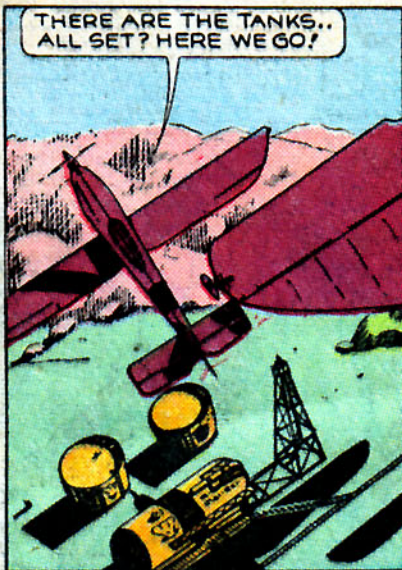
TAKING OFF FROM A HIDDEN FIELD, TWO POWERFUL DIVE BOMBERS SPEED TOWARD THE HARBOR.



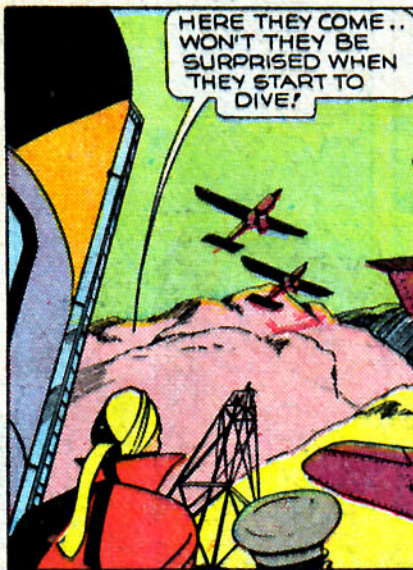
WHEN WE GET THROUGH LAYING OUR EGGS, THERE WON'T BE ANYTHING LEFT BUT A HOLE IN THE GROUND!



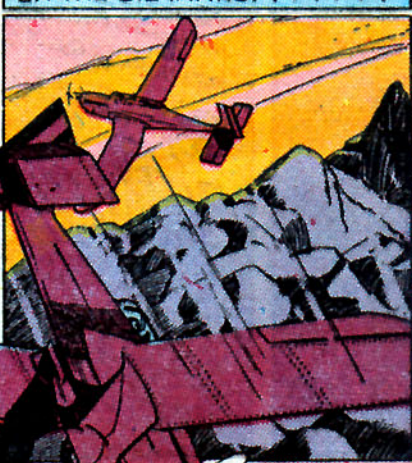
THERE ARE THE TANKS..
ALL SET? HERE WE GO!



HERE THEY COME..
WON'T THEY BE
SURPRISED WHEN
THEY START TO
DIVE?



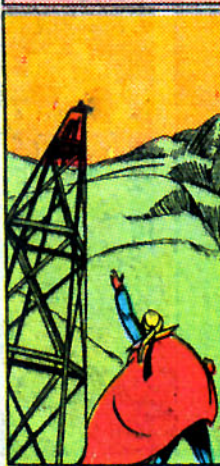
WHIPPING ABOUT, THE TWO SHIPS
OPEN THEIR THROTTLES AND
FALL INTO A STEEP GLIDE,
BOMB SIGHTS CENTERED
ON THE OIL TANKS.



DOWN, DOWN
DOWN, THEY
SPEED.



SUDDENLY MR.
MYSTIC THROWS
UP HIS ARM AND
SHOUTS A MAGIC
WORD.



AND AN OIL WELL
SHOOTS ITS TREASURE
INTO THE AIR, ENGULF-
ING THE LEAD SHIP.



WITH AN ABNORMAL
HEIGHT AND
PRESSURE,
THE OIL STREAM
FORCES THE
PLANE UP
AND UP.



W-W-E'RE
GONNA
CRASH!



UNABLE TO SWERVE, THE TWO
BOMBERS ROCKET TOGETHER,
CAUSING THEIR BOMBS TO
EXPLODE BLOWING THEM
TO BITS.

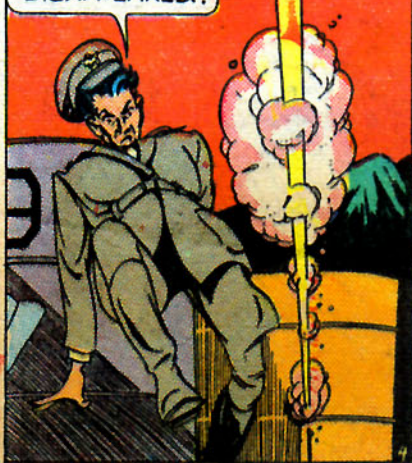


WONDERFUL! SIMPLY
WONDERFUL! WELL,
I GUESS THAT'S
THAT, AND THANKS
ARE IN ORDER!



NOT YET..
I STILL
HAVE TO
GET KWI
SUMA!
SEE YOU
LATER!

WHERE? ULP!
HOLY COW!
HE'S
DISAPPEARED!!



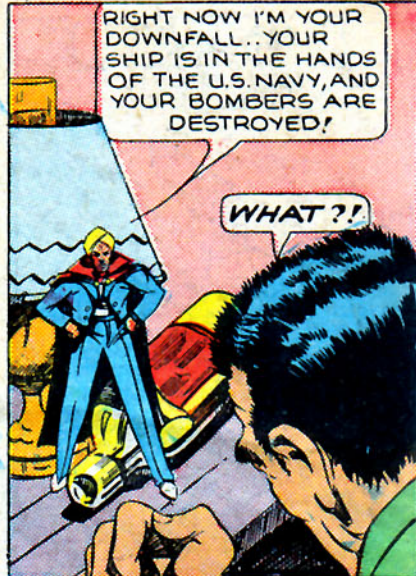
IN HIS JUNGLE HIDEOUT, KWI SUMA GLOATS OVER THE GREAT SUM OF MONEY HE'S ABOUT TO GET.



HEH! HEH! I'LL BE RICH! I'LL TRAVEL ALL OVER THE WORLD! I'LL LIVE LIKE A KING! I'LL...



W-WHO ARE YOU?



RIGHT NOW I'M YOUR DOWNFALL... YOUR SHIP IS IN THE HANDS OF THE U.S. NAVY, AND YOUR BOMBERS ARE DESTROYED!

WHAT?!

YES, AND THE HARBOR IS JUST AS IT ALWAYS WAS, SAFE AND SOUND. NOW, TO TAKE YOU TO PRISON!



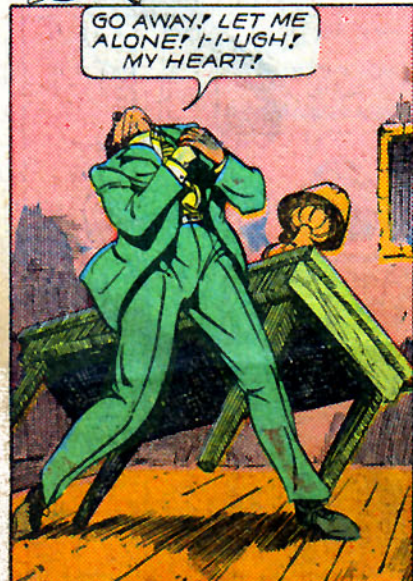
TAKE ME TO... WHY YOU LITTLE IMP! YOU'LL NEVER GET ME! TAKE THAT!

AS EACH SHOT IS FIRED, ANOTHER SMALL FIGURE OF MR. MYSTIC APPEARS TO TAUNT THE COWERING SUMA!



NO! NO! GO AWAY!

MORE AND MORE FIGURES APPEAR, UNTIL THE ROOM IS FILLED WITH THEM...



GO AWAY! LET ME ALONE! I-I-UGH! MY HEART!



DEAD! HIS HEART COULDN'T STAND THE BURDEN OF HIS COWARDICE!



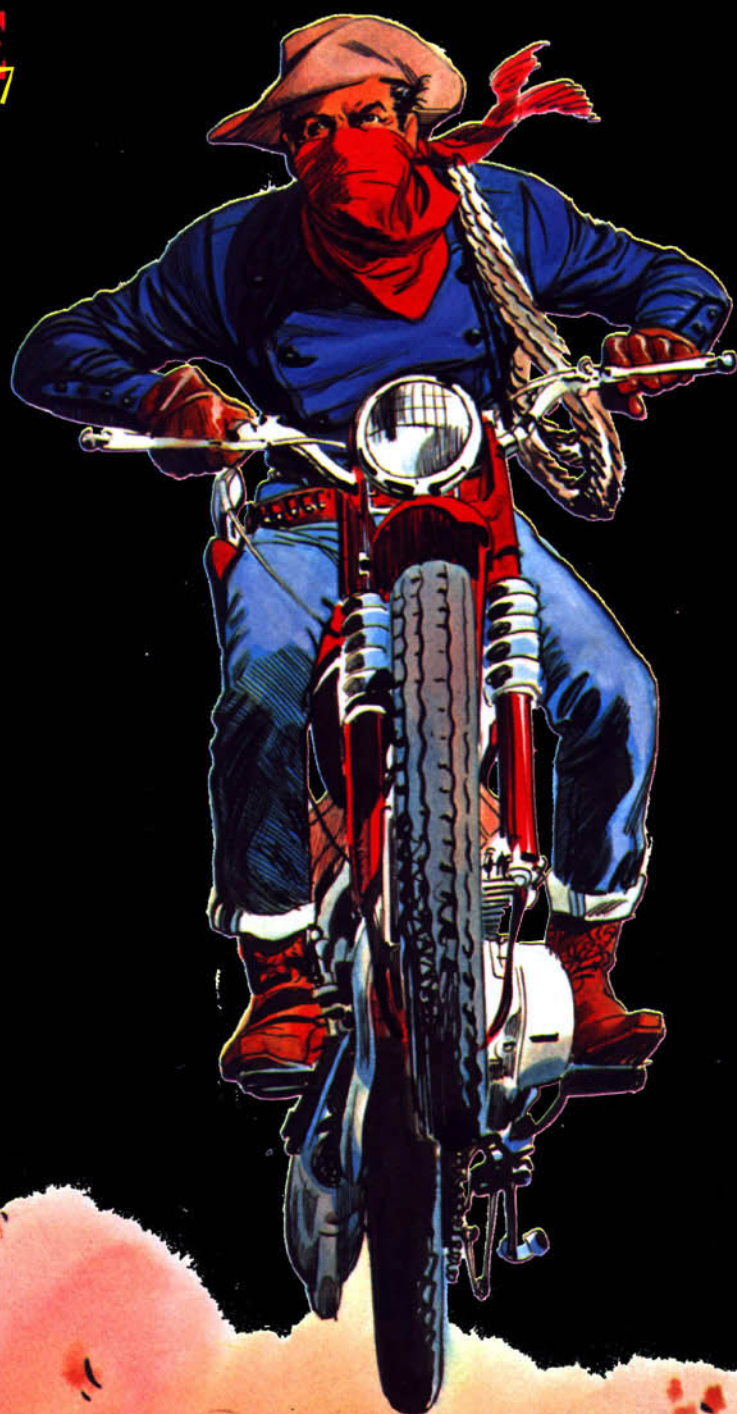
WELL, THAT'S THAT! I'M GLAD I WAS ABLE TO HELP MY COUNTRY, AND LISTEN, KIDS... IF YOU GET A CHANCE TO AID YOUR COUNTRY, DON'T HESITATE TO DO SO!

A

VIGILANTE

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Scan



GRANT MORRISON